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NORMAL COLLEGIAN.

"Ne tentes, aut perfice."

Vol. I.

Valparaiso, September 19, 1874.

No. I.

EVENING THOUGHTS OF OLDEN TIMES.

BY EDWIN ELWOOD.

The pleasant thoughts of boyhood days
Pass quickly through my mind;
Remembering, too, of playmates dear,
Who were to me so kind.

Sometimes I wish I could recall
Those many pleasant days;
My schoolmates and my teachers, too,
With their many pleasant ways.

My fond heart beats with pleasure,
When I think of the times so dear;
For happy moments I have spent
With friends to me so near.

Alas! vain thoughts, flee from my mind,
For vain, vain thoughts they be;
They've gone from here—some left the land,
And those I ne'er again will see.

Some are East, and some are West,
And scattered thus around;
And some I know not where they be,
Unless beneath the ground.

They all, no doubt, have changed ere this,
Some for better, some for worse;
I truly hope they've not forgot
The one that writes this verse.

AMBITION.

BY A CONTRIBUTOR.

The definition by Webster of the word ambition, is an eager desire of preferment, honor, superiority or power. We will view it from rather a phrenological stand-point. Ambition is closely connected with the organ *approbativeness*. A person gifted with a good degree of ambition loves commendation, and his feelings will be greatly wounded—are keenly alive to the smiles and frowns of public opinion; will strive to show off to an advantage, and are affable, courteous, and desirous of pleasing all with whom he associates; loves to be in company with the learned and refined; aspires to do and become something great. We will give a few verses from Willis, which will explain our meaning:

"What is ambition? 'Tis a glorious cheat!
It seeks the chamber of the gifted boy,
And lifts his humble window and comes in
* * * And lays upon the boy
A spell that murders sleep;
Whispers a deathless word, and on his brain
Breaths a fierce thirst no water will allay.
He is its slave henceforth—his days are spent
In chaining down his heart, and watching where
To rise by human weakness."

Now, had Willis viewed ambition with an unbiased mind, he would not have said as he did that "ambition is a glorious cheat," but that it is that noble principle which lifts man from vice to morality, ignorance to intelligence, and from sin to christianity. It fills the soul with that energy and will which relies upon self to rise above its peers, not by human weaknesses, but by its own self-reliance. Again Willis says—

"What is its reward?—at best a name;
Praise—when the ear has grown too dull to hear;
Gold—when the senses it should please are dead;
Wreaths—when the hair they cover has grown gray;
Fame—when the heart it should thrill is numb."

One would think, after reading the above lines, that the reward of ambition comes only when too late to be appreciated or enjoyed. The reward of ambition is not alone of this world; but the greater reward will be received in the land of rest. There will be no difficulty in distinguishing those who were ambitious in their life from those who were not. Their crowns will consist of more stars and brighter ones than those of any others.

We shall be remembered "according to the deeds done in the body," and we cannot act in harmony with God's laws without the assistance of ambition. Ambition is that principle within every one of us which aspires to honor and distinction; to intellectual and spiritual attainments. Not merely for a name or popularity, but that we may approach nearer like unto the God who created us. It is that principle, connected with conscientiousness, which desires to ascend from the valley of wrong to the towering mountain top of right. It is the principle, united with fine ss, that, after it has reached the summit of right, and breathes it inspiring air, closely adheres to friendship, love and truth; it is that which works in harmony with veneration in doing just as near as is known how in everything; it is that, combined with combativeness, which never allows conscience to be borne down by any of the other faculties, but maintains the right everywhere and for everybody.

IDLE HOUR MUSINGS.

BY "JACK."

Did you ever hear some old gray-headed patriarch sighing over the degeneracy of the present generation, and wishing for those "good old times that used to be?" I have often; and as often have I been set thinking—now this same person is certainly a very serious subject to which he has never given a sober, serious thought, or else he has strangely perverted ideas.

It is quite a familiar saying, that "gray hairs bring respect, and old age wisdom," and this same aphorism may in general be true. In fact, it is far from my purpose to doubt the general application of the assertion; but as for the person who will draw such a comparison between the present and the past, as I have hinted at above, I can have but little respect for his judgment, and must most seriously doubt whether, in his long pilgrimage upon this mundane sphere of ours, he has gathered many of the grains of wisdom. Certainly, we cannot wish for "old times" back again to regain lost comforts and conveniences. No one will for a moment think of that. As for degeneracy of the times, and ruinous extravagance of the rulers of our country, such talk is, I think, all bosh. I know the assertion is frequently made, and no doubt extensively believed, "That the world is growing worse;" but I do not think it ever has been or ever can be, fairly proven.

Suppose we draw a comparison between a few things of the present and the past: The farmer of half a century ago went into the forest and commenced making a farm by felling the forest with an axe, little more appropriate for the purpose than the stone hatchet of the aborigine, and fitted with a helve, which, if seen alone, would certainly be mistaken for a pudding stick. Then, by an immense outlay of physical labor, the kings of the forest were dragged and carried together and consumed by fire. Now the ground is ready for the plow (a wonderful contrivance of a forked tree and piece of iron), and the bosom of mother earth is lacerated until fitted to receive the seed, which is scattered broadcast by the hand and covered by the bushy top of a sapling. When the

field is golden, the farmer enters it with that complicated piece of machinery, an ancient sickle, before which the grain melts like dew before the sun—of a cloudy day. Then the threshing is accomplished with a flail, the grain separated from the chaff by the first windy day. The farmer now takes a sack, fills one end with a bushel of wheat and the other with a stone to preserve the equilibrium, throws it across his horse's back and departs for the mill, often two or three days' journey away, where the grinding is accomplished about as rapidly and thoroughly as it could be done by a modern coffee mill.

How different the picture furnished by to-day! A picture of gang-plows and cultivators, grain-drills and reaping machines, the steam thresher and the grand flouring mill driven by that modern triumph—the turbine water wheel. What is there in this picture to make one wish for old times? Nothing that I can see, except hard labor for a mere pittance.

Then those same old people will talk about the times when the high places in the gift of the people were filled by honest, and able, and high-minded men, and our country was prosperous, and not at the mercy of political hacks and on the verge of bankruptcy, as it now is. I have searched history for accounts of those same times, but can find no record of them, unless they were when Washington said in his address, "We are one nation to-day and thirteen to-morrow; who will treat with us upon such terms?" When Jackson dissolved the United States bank, or when the senate chamber was disgraced by almost daily quarrels between Northern and Southern members, and brutal assaults upon any one who dared to claim the right of free speech in behalf of a down-trodden people.

Now I think if some of those same old folks were taken from their many present enjoyments back to those "good old times," and kept there a week, they would be heartily glad to return to these latter degenerate days of extravagance, and political corruption, and monopolies, and rings, and temperance reform, and universal suffrage, and Beecher-Tilton scandals.

LECTURE after lecture, sermon after sermon on the "fatal cup," is harped in our ears, until temperance has become perfectly disgusting to be seen in print; but we do not mean that kind of temperance. We will not "cast our pearls before swine," so let us begin with *men*, or at least so-called men.

But few animals will eat more than is necessary for health, yet such as the hog and the half-civilized man will. Perhaps this is blunt, still it is certain that he who knows not how to eat with propriety and gentility, is no better in that particular than his neighbor—the hog. So often we hear the expression, "Who cares for style!" Well, now, good manners is not style, and the judicious man marks the speaker as no gentleman. This is simply a ground-work temperance; hence the one, oh! so far above it—temperance in thought, temperance in action, temperance in speaking, temperance in everything; and what a sense of propriety is necessary to such completeness which is attainable only by persevering and watchful study and observation.

THE NORMAL COLLEGIAN.

SATURDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 19, 1874

SALUTATORY.

THIS, fellow students, is the commencement of what we hope to make a successful undertaking. We have considered well the enterprise in the outset, having been familiarized somewhat with the *modus operandi* of the mechanical and mental structure which is required to make up a first-class journal, be it devoted to political, sectarian, literary or college interests; and we know, having had experience, that, of all the journals mentioned, college fanaticism is the most difficult to overcome. Still, with the concurrence of the Normal as a whole—ladies, gentlemen and teachers included, combined with the most arduous efforts on our own part, we hope ere long to have our ambitions realized, and a college journal in circulation that will do credit to the Normal, and be a blessing to those contributing to its columns.

We present for your approval the first number and volume of the NORMAL COLLEGIAN. All must be aware of the fact that the first number of a paper is the most difficult to present with a view to suiting all. Lack of system in arrangement, and other matters, until a regular routine of correspondence and the contribution of other miscellany is attained, will arouse prejudice in the minds of some as to its mental worth. But we will say at the commencement, as we will prove to you in the future, its excellence depends entirely upon you as students. Show yourselves competent to the task. Let other colleges and universities throughout the country, with whom we shall exchange, see that the Valparaiso Normal School is not behind its colleagues in sustaining and promoting journalistic ability; and let its worth be proven by its excellence. The COLLEGIAN is at the disposal of all attending the Normal. Discussions on approved and meritorious questions will be gladly received into its columns, and all essays or compositions meeting the approbation of its editors, will be requested for publication.

Financially, the NORMAL COLLEGIAN must be supported, as well as by mental contributions. We have been at considerable expense in inaugurating this enterprise, and it is not more than reasonable that we should expect to be sustained and receive a small remuneration for services performed, in order to meet current expenses, and for the improvement and future success of "our paper." The smallest estimate that possibly can be has been made, and, certainly, the terms can not be complained of; but if there are any who deem themselves not able to contribute to the fund, we shall be glad to gratuitously forward them the COLLEGIAN, as every student in the college, both ladies and gentlemen, should receive the paper every week. But the manager has adopted this method as a means of "paying his way" through the Normal, and shall depend upon such remuneration—which at most will scarcely be sufficient—to do so; and we guarantee the little mite contributed to the support of the enterprise, will not be misplaced, as we shall try to please all. "But," you exclaim, "is not the rate prescribed as remuneration fee, rather preposterous for a diminutive sheet of this description?" To this question we would suggest the fact that we have no job rooms and material from

which to derive additional lucrative benefits; neither have we the space to devote to advertisements to make a gain; our main dependence is chiefly upon the contributions received from subscriptions.

Hoping, as we have before remarked, that the NORMAL COLLEGIAN will meet your approval and support,
I remain respectfully,

I. G. RAWSON.

CHRONOGRAPHY.

BY BUSH-TRIMMER.

[THE following is a continuance of the "Normal Chronicled Facts," which created so lively an interest in the "College Collections"—a regular department devoted to the interests of the college, and published in the Valparaiso *Vidette* during last term; and we will remark, as we did at that time, that any particular allusions made of any person or persons, is all done with merely a view to general gossip and criticism, and no exceptions should be taken either by teachers or students. The author of "Chronography" proposes to have a series of "touching" remarks, graphically describing the scenes and characters portrayed by college life:]

Now, in the beginning of the second year of the reign of Brown, the king, wrought he many good works, inasmuch that the people rejoiced greatly, and their eyes did stick out with fatness, and their lips were as the honeycomb. Of the things which he did were the taking of one Yohn into his own palace, to be a man-servant at his own table; for he said, the larger the calf the more greatly aboundeth the veal. So he was installed into the king's house.

And now, moreover, counseled he his heart, and said unto himself, why have not I more of those that do sing, and of those also that play upon stringed instruments? and he sent into the country round about and did make choice of one Lillie, a Republic of the tribe of the Buckeyes, whose country is against Hoosierdom, toward the East. And so it came to pass that one Flora came into the king's house. So, now about this time, that it might be fulfilled which was spoken, behold will I bring strange things to pass, it came into the man Bogart's heart to be in love; yea, vehemently enamored of this fair maid, while she being subtle with the "bow," (having aforetime shivered the hearts of many Republicans,) did use the lad solely, even nigh unto death, and fain would he have given o'er the fight; but she waxed stronger, and did cry the more exceedingly, saying, "I will not let thee go until thou settlest with me the promise." Then went he out weeping and full of sorrow.

Now, moreover, in those days it came to pass that Brown, the king, gave unto the people, his servants, a great feast and place therefor, for the preparation of which not a few men of stone and bricklayers, and carpenters, and workers in fine wood, and of those that do prepare food of rich meats and sweet breads, and of workers and embroiderers in fine linen not a few; and the king did give of shekels of silver, and of shekels of gold, a great number. And on the eighth day of the month—September—were all the sons and daughters of the kingdom gathered together in the king's hall, singing and making merry.

Now, of those who came into the feast was one Rawson, whose wondrous deeds and noises the servants of the king oft praised in days past. Howbeit he went not with those of mirth, seeing his heart's affection stood not in the throng. Moreover, Solomon of old changed not his "coat" of many colors, but mingled in scenes of confusion and creature complaints far more exceedingly.

O. Mont East! why hearken ye not unto mine entreaties; why bow not thine ear to my supplication? for as the hound panteth after the hare, so longeth my soul for thee, my beautiful, my lovely, my heart's desire. I pray thee give ear, oh, my dearest. So sang Lodema, the Hebronite, one of the daughters of the princess of Hoosierdom.

FASHION A LA MODE.

[The following new version and descriptive catalogue of modern *trousseau*, was handed us for publication, which is superior to anything of the kind we have ever read. As it may please some of the students who are victims to the votaries of fashion, we will publish it for their benefit:]

Shoes are worn high in the neck, flounced with point aquille lace, cut on the bias. High heels are common in Saratoga, especially in the hop room. Cotton hose, open at the top, are very much worn, some of them having as many as three holes in them. Cotton plows are not seen.

Children are made very forward this year, but they are often dispensed with entirely for quiet toilets. They are too loud. A neat thing in babies can be made of drab pongee, gored and puckered to match the panier. Little boys ruffled, fluted, and cut on the bias to match the underskirts, are very much worn. Many are worn all down to living skeletons by such fashionable ladies as Miss Management, Miss Usage, Miss Behavior, Miss Doing and Miss Guidance.

Lovers are once more in the fashion. They are worn on the left side for afternoon toilets, and directly in front for evening ball-room costume. A nice thing in lovers can be made of hair, (parted in the middle,) a sickly mustache, bosom pin, cane and sleeve-buttons, dressed in check cloth. Giant intellects are not fashionable in Saratoga this season. The broad, massive, thick skull is generally preferred. The old lover, trimmed with brains, character and intelligence, is no longer worn.

Dresses are not worn long—none over two days. They are trimmed with Wooster street sauce, looped up with Westchester lace, with monogram on 'em. Shake well and drink while hot. Inclose twenty-five cents for circular.

THE TRUE MAN.

BY "FRED."

The greatest need of the world to-day is the want of true men—men and women is the cry. We do not mean those who can pass themselves off as human beings—who are erect upon two legs, and who have all the parts and qualities of human beings, but we mean those who have the faculties which make them morally and spiritually a true, honest, upright and just man or woman—those who will go on in the world doing all the good they can for their fellow men, and helping in every way that it is in his or her power to relieve the wants of those who are weaker. This is what constitutes a true man or woman—this the person the world is so much in need of to-day. Talk about your missionaries! Every person living is able to do a good-sized missionary work in and of himself.

We were not placed in this world of beauty to work entirely for self. God has given to each one of us powers with which he has not blessed others. Shall we keep all the good that can be derived from all of these blessings to ourselves? Did God give them to us for this purpose? Certainly not. He intended that the world should be beautified by our having lived in it. Now you and I have powers which no one else have. Let us exercise these powers and see what good can be done. I would say, let us start a small missionary work of our own, for I am confident we will find it a paying blessing. It may not fill our pockets, but the quietness and peace of mind which will be ours, will be an ample reward for all the trouble the work is to us. To commence the work it is not necessary for us to have a collegiate education; it is not necessary that we become ministers of the gospel and emigrate into some distant heathen land to find a field in which to labor. We need not go to the expense of leaving home and fireside to find work; there is lots of room for a gigantic work to be performed right at ones own hearthstone. Commencing with these little trifles, we can do a greater work than we can imagine, and it will not be long before this demand for men and women will be filled, and the benefit to be derived by each and every one of us will be amply sufficient to repay us for all the trouble the work will cost, and at the end we will find that the one-horse donkey-cart we started with will be transformed into a chariot of gold, which, heavily laden with the rich treasures which we have enjoyed here on earth, such as joy, peace, happiness and bliss, will carry us safely over the dark gulf, into that blessed and peaceful abode, where we can enjoy the full blessings attached to these little maxims.

THE NORMAL COLLEGIAN.

The NORMAL COLLEGIAN will be published every Saturday, until further notice, and can only be obtained by subscription. The terms are *invariably* in advance. Students, or others, leaving the college, will please give notice of their departure and future address. Subscriptions for one term, 3 months, 60 cents. Students desiring to obtain extra copies, can do so at reduced rates from the regular subscription price, by giving the managing editor notice a day or two preceding publication day. Orders by mail will be promptly attended to. Subscription per quarter (one term) 60 cts.

I. G. RAWSON, M. E.

Sample copies sent free to any address.

ADVERTISING RATES.

One column three months.....\$15 00
One-half column three months..... 8 00
One-fourth column three months..... 6 00
One-eighth column three months..... 3 00

Business notices 15 cents per line. No discount on advertising rates.

COLLEGE VAGARIES.

—Croquet and coquetting again.
—Old friends greet us on every hand.
—Do not fail to subscribe immediately.
—We are glad to see so many ladies in attendance at the Normal this term.
—Our book store is doing a pretty lively business. Mr. Hall has his hands full.
—Flirtations resume their sway among us—ladies taking much interest; gentlemen ditto.
—Criticise justly; make up your minds to patronize accordingly; and don't be without the COLLEGIAN.
—We will put the temperature, last week and part of this, of college hill, against any other clime, taking heat as the standard.
—Our late college comedian, J. S., is now acting in the capacity of "hash-slinger" to his numerous friends. He says he has lots of fun, and gets a mouthful extra occasionally; besides the g—
—A number of students attended the lecture given by the bishop of the Catholic church of this diocese, on last Sunday evening, who gave an account of his pilgrimage to Europe with a number of other American Catholics. The house was crowded and lecture interesting.
—We should be pleased to have any lady or gentleman of the Normal, or as many students as wish, to furnish us with an occasional rebus or puzzle, by way of diversion—something that will make the wise-acres in our midst test their calibre to a bursting point, and at last give up in blank despair.
—We have a printing press on college hill, directly opposite the college building. Mr. Frank Sparling, our former college friend, is in the *pressing* business, and is prepared to do all kinds of work for the students. Those desiring visiting cards, or other work, can get it reasonably and neatly done by patronizing him. Office hours from 5 A. M. to 11 P. M.
—Mr. Triskett has made arrangements to start a class in penmanship at the high school building. He will also have a class at the Normal. A better chance could not be asked to learn a thorough Spencerian system of ornamental or business writing, as Mr. Triskett is a graduate of that college. He will also have a class in pencil or pen drawing, and card marking.
—It is pleasant to take one's book and recline 'neath the shades of the foliage so abundant about the college grounds. We can but regret the future days, when the cold blasts of winter will deprive us of the luxury, and we shall be doomed to in-door confinement; but while we are permitted to enjoy it, we should improve the courtesy tendered by nature.
—Rumors reach us from Valparaiso, respecting a new college paper that is to be started there. If such be the truth, we expect an exchange; for we understand that a young man, for some time a resident of LaPorte, is to manage the same.—*LaPorte Chronicle*.
Rumors are not exaggerated in this instance; and we take pleasure in presenting the *Chronicle* with the first number of the NORMAL COLLEGIAN, a journal we hope to place high among its compeers in classical literature and mental worth.
—Special attention of all the students is desired to the regulation by which they can obtain extra copies of the COLLEGIAN to send their friends. Notice is requested to be given a day or two before publication day—Saturday—in order that extra copies may be printed to meet the demand; and that they can be had by students, already subscribers, at a nickle per copy. Leave orders at the college book-store.
—We noticed, quite a number of students attended the musical soiree last week Friday evening, and all seemed to be well pleased with the treat. Mr. Philips deserves the approbation of the public wherever he may go. We seldom, if ever, heard a finer soprano-contralto voice, made doubly sweet by the sacred themes adopted by him for vocal presentation.

—The average attendance at the Normal at present is about 300, and there is no let up as yet to their coming. Can any one doubt now as to the established success of the institution? Ever since the first term the average increase has been about 80 per cent., and we predict that it will in the future increase in the same ratio. Prof. Brown has labored assiduously to promote this success, and is now reaping a rich reward.

—There are about forty rooms occupied on college hill by students; the others are scattered throughout the city. We believe there are sixty rooms, altogether, taken up, and ample accommodations can still be had. The story was rife about town last week that there were so many came at the commencement that they could not all be accommodated, and that some were compelled to "camp out" on the first evening. Such, however, is not the case. The students found rooms at their disposal, upon application, and all seem well satisfied with their quarters.

—The students are having lively times, as usual, on the commons east of the college. Base ball is the favorite recreation at present, and we understand a base ball club is to be formed. This being the case, of course challenges will be forthcoming from clubs which have existence in adjoining towns and cities. It would be well for those residing about the ball grounds—the college not excepted—to put blinds upon their windows, as some of the hoosiers attending with us have extraordinary muscular vivacity, and the prospects are that some of these fine days an unwelcome guest may enter the portals of their dwelling—not hesitatingly, on account of glass or putty—in the shape of a substance not admired for its pliability.

—A few mornings ago, in general exercises, Prof. Brown informed the students, much to their satisfaction, that if they could only survive college life about two weeks, he thought the longevity of their existence would still continue through the remainder of the term, and cited as a proof his own college experience, when, upon leaving his paternal domicile, the first few weeks were a conglomeration of trouble and home-sickness. We fail, as yet, to observe any epidemic of the sort is troubling any of us, and think the geniality which is prevalent throughout the college will keep the demon at bay, and "drown dull care" in the depths of semi-forgetfulness that we are but unity in ourselves, and bound to please each other by word and deed. This is a simple remedy.

—Our local columns in this issue may not guarantee entire satisfaction as to variety of selection; but our readers must take into consideration that the school has not yet attained the necessary system of running, and that nothing terrible could reasonably be expected to transpire, until the students revive from the home-sickness and timidity naturally following their departure from parental influences. One student has already found an aching void, which nothing but "Home, Sweet Home," could fill, and last week Friday took his leave, regardless of the entreaties of his friends. We understand—we will not vouch for the truth of the statement—that the gentleman in question found to his discomfiture that he would be compelled to purchase new books with which to feed his mental aspirations, and concluded that money was better saved than spent for such trash, and so concluded to return home and wait until his old books came into use again; but we can safely assume that his is the only case—if true—where any student has complained of homesickness or financial oppression. So note it be!

—The most excruciating and yet laughable event of the week, or in the annals of the history of the Normal, occurred last Monday evening at the dining hall, which numbered some seventy or eighty students as its victims. Through some blunder—not chargeable to the leaders of the club or the culinary department—a supply of provisions was in vogue at the supper table that degenerated a feeling of oppressive sadness in the region of the bowels of about the number of students above mentioned. So great was the yearning of the said food to appear once more upon the variegated sphere we inhabit, that an immediate defusion of contents was witnessed. A few moments after, upon one of the banks over a commodious W. & C. railway immediately in the rear, and the building, a delegation of "hash and rice" temperaments might be seen, some standing, some sitting, and some even, insulting their own dignity enough to assume a horizontal position, casting up their several Jonas. We are not prepared to say whether any of the ladies were visited with any of the peculiar sensations herein described, but would naturally conclude from the absconding that ensued among them about the time the gentlemen were dispersing, that something unusual was disturbing their wanton composure, and frequently strange exclamations were heard, as "bronchial tubes were affected by some unnatural extension, issuing from several rooms in the building, which were echoed by the unfortunate sufferers in the distance contemplating the idea of ending their misery by railroad suicide. The latest reports are that an experienced chemist will analyze the obnoxious food; but, as yet, the question remains unsettled whether it was the hash or rice.

—Albert alias William Eastling, the independent candidate for sheriff of Porter county, put in an appearance at the college last Monday evening, and expressed his willingness to address the students on the political issues of the day. After partaking of a bountiful repast tendered him by some of the students at the dining hall, (it being upon the same evening of the general upheaving) he was escorted with all the honor due great men aspiring to political favor, into the reception hall. Taking his position upon the rostrum (after the glimmer of a ten-cent lamp was introduced upon the scene), the itinerated politician was introduced as "Mr. William Eastling, the—" here the introducer was interrupted with the vehement exclamation of "My name ain't William—it's Albert," and as proof thereof said candidate immediately protruded from his poudrous food exterminator an object which had a feint resemblance of an articulating warbler, though we must confess all were astonished, as well as terrified, at the unexpected apparition. After elucidating his cognomen upon the minds of his hearers, and expressing his regrets at seeing no ladies present to witness his grand debut into political warfare, he proceeded with his remarks. No words of ours can do justice in describing the scene that followed. To be sure his words were not extremely euphonious to the ear, and his language somewhat incoherent; but what mattered that? Enthusiasm was kindled to such an extent by his eloquent gestures and graceful attitude in presentation, that none but the deaf or blind could have withstood the shock. Cheer after cheer vibrated through the "classic halls" of the Normal. The hopeful candidate, after assuring his friends that he should carry the county by 450 majority, and that all the crusaders in the world would vote for him, resumed his seat, after which three rousing cheers were given for the prospective candidate. About this time suspicion was entertained that Prof. B. might be skimming around to inform himself concerning the turmoil so redolent from that quarter, and the dousing of the glim and immediate dispersal ensued. They had barely vacated the chapel when the professor appeared upon the scene, and demanded the cause of its occurrence. The demented politician was immediately recognized as its promoter, and it was suggested to Albert that he had better vamoose, which he did, promising ere long to give us another address on women suffrage. So endeth our first political chapter.

PENMANSHIP.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

Your attention is respectfully invited to a writing school now in contemplation by L. A. Triskett, to commence with a free lecture Wednesday evening, September 23d, 1874, at the Union school house, in this place. After an experience of eight years in teaching this beautiful art, I have succeeded in maturing, and am now practicing, a system of penmanship to which I can invite public attention with confidence.

My boy be cool;
Do things by rule,
And then you'll do them right,

certainly contains more truth than poetry; for when anything is done by rule, it is done aright, according to the best authors. Penmanship, like all other branches of science, should be taught upon theoretical principles, and if careful attention is given, no student can fail, in fifteen evenings, to acquire a style of writing that will not only be permanent, but will more than please, and will be constantly improved by practice in business and epistolary correspondence. Ladies will learn a neat and graceful style, the only one approved for letter writing and complimentary cards.

TERMS.

Fifteen evenings, plain writing.....\$ 1 50
Full course lettering, drawing, flourishing and card marking, with full instructions necessary for teaching..... 25 00
I will also give instructions in flourishing, flowering, lettering, pen-drawing, pencil-drawing, card-marking, business and ornamental writing, to all such as desire it. Terms made known on application.
Card-marking done to order.

REFERENCES.

SPENCERIAN INSTITUTE PENMANSHIP,
CLEVELAND, O., Oct. 6, 1868.

To whom it may concern:

This is to certify that L. A. Triskett has been a member of this institute, and has made a fair degree of proficiency in practical writing and flourishing. He understands the Spencerian system of penmanship, and I think will be successful in imparting a knowledge of the same to all who may attend to his instructions. I cheerfully commend him to the public.

PLATT R. SPENCER, Principal.

COLDWATER, MICH., Feb. 23, 1874.

Mr. L. A. Triskett has just closed a term of his writing school in our school building, and I take pleasure in recommending him as a successful teacher of penmanship. He has given entire satisfaction. His style of writing is most excellent, while in flourishing and fancy lettering I think he has no equals. I should also say that his school has been conducted with unusual quiet and good order.

W. W. WRIGHT, Principal.

MEMPHIS, MICH., Jan. 7, 1874.

Mr. L. A. Triskett has just finished his second term of instructions in penmanship in this place, and has given great satisfaction. I cordially recommend him to any and all who may desire the services of a competent writing teacher.

Most respectfully,

FRANK P. SPENCER,
Director Memphis Union School.

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VALPARAISO, Sept. 19, 1874.

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